

February 1, 2025

Chinese and Tibetan Buddha

In ancient lands where mountains touch the
sky,

Two Buddhas met beneath the twilight's glow,
One from China, calm with knowing eye,
One from Tibet, where sacred rivers flow.

The Chinese Buddha, robed in silken gold,
Spoke of wisdom, peace, and inner light,
His teachings, ancient, timeless, gently told,
A beacon in the darkest of the night.

The Tibetan Buddha, rugged, strong, and
wise,

With prayer flags fluttering in the breeze,

Shared tales of mountains, where the spirit
flies,

And monks who meditate with minds at ease.

Together, they embraced in silent prayer,

Their hearts united in a common quest,

To spread compassion, love beyond compare,

And guide all souls to find their inner rest.

In harmony, they walked the sacred ground,
Two paths converging in a single way,
Their teachings, like a river, flowing round,
Uniting hearts and minds, both night and day.

And so, the Chinese and Tibetan sage,
Became a symbol of a world at peace,
Their wisdom, written on each sacred page,
A legacy of love that will not cease.